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SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

To no English artist attaches a wider popularity than Sir Edwin Landseer. All know his works, and all admire them. No collection of modern painters is complete without them, and the memories of them abide with us when our eyes have long ceased to gaze upon the originals. As a painter of animal life he is unrivalled. He gives more than the colour and the form. He endows them with life, and thought, and feeling, and soul. When we look at them, we almost go as far as certain philosophers, and believe in the immortality of brutes. At any rate, they seem to love and hate, and hope, and fight, very much like men and women. When we view his pictures, we feel there is no need to ask

"With Jacques Rousseau
If beasts confabulate or no."

friend. Landseer soon distinguished himself; he was elected R.A. in 1831, he received the honour of knighthood from Royalty in 1850. The list of his pictures is too long for us to chronicle here. His *chefs-d'œuvre* are the well-known ones called "Peace" and "War." The late Mr. Vernon gave 1,500 guineas for each, and since then Sir Edwin has received the enormous sum of 3,000 guineas for permission to engrave them. This fact shows the extent of his popularity. There is no test like the plain pounds, shillings, and pence one. A thing is only worth what it will fetch; nor is this popularity difficult to understand. Who does not love dogs? They are our playmates in childhood—our companions in manhood—our guardians in old age—and if in populous cities pent, we cannot keep them, still we like to have their pictures



LITERARY DOGS.

It is a fact they do. We can almost hear them talking. We see what the funny fellows are at. What happy brutes they are. How lightly and stoically they take the ills of life that dog flesh is heir to. Sir Edwin has been deservedly a successful man, and he certainly has been an industrious one. Every Exhibition of the Royal Academy bears testimony to that fact, and in the ordinary course of events he may look forward to pictorial triumphs for many a year. He was born in 1803, and may be supposed to have had a bias to art from his very birth, for his father was an engraver. An artist, and the friend of artists, Landseer, if we remember aright, was with Haydon for a time, though he wisely forsook high art, as the world did not care for it, and has thus had an easier life than that of his early patron and

with which to adorn our rooms. High art is all very well, if you have space for it; but the English have not. High house-rents forbid their patronising high art. Smith can hardly get his wife and olive-branches into the fantastic abode he calls Minerva Lodge, and as to pictures like poor Haydon's, they are quite out of the question. They are nearly as big as Minerva Lodge itself. So, instead, they have recourse to Landseer, and with engravings of his pictures ornament their homes.

It may not be generally known that the family of Sir Edwin Landseer includes another artist skilful in depicting animal life, two of whose pictures are here engraved. As literary men ourselves, of course we give the preference to

LITERARY DOGS.

We take them in order. That dog with the great head, to whom the Italian greyhound is making some remarks of a light and trifling character, is evidently no common one. Burns' Caesar, in his "Twa Dogs," was precisely such another:—

"His hair, his size, his mark, his lugs,
Showed he was none o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod."

How sensibly that dog could talk, every reader of Burns knows well. His companion was completely convinced by him. He made it as plain as a pikestaff, that your rich, dissipated, fashionable men have but a sorry time of it; and to do so he broached Waldo Emerson's favourite doctrine of compensation—a doctrine not so strange or novel as Mr. Emerson imagines, and our friend there is of the same opinion. He is a philosopher, a mature, sedate, steady-going dog, an affectionate husband, a dutiful father; in short, a very moral,

But he has a rival in that Charles' spaniel on his right, and that pug with a blue ribbon just before him. Well, after all he has more in him than either of them.

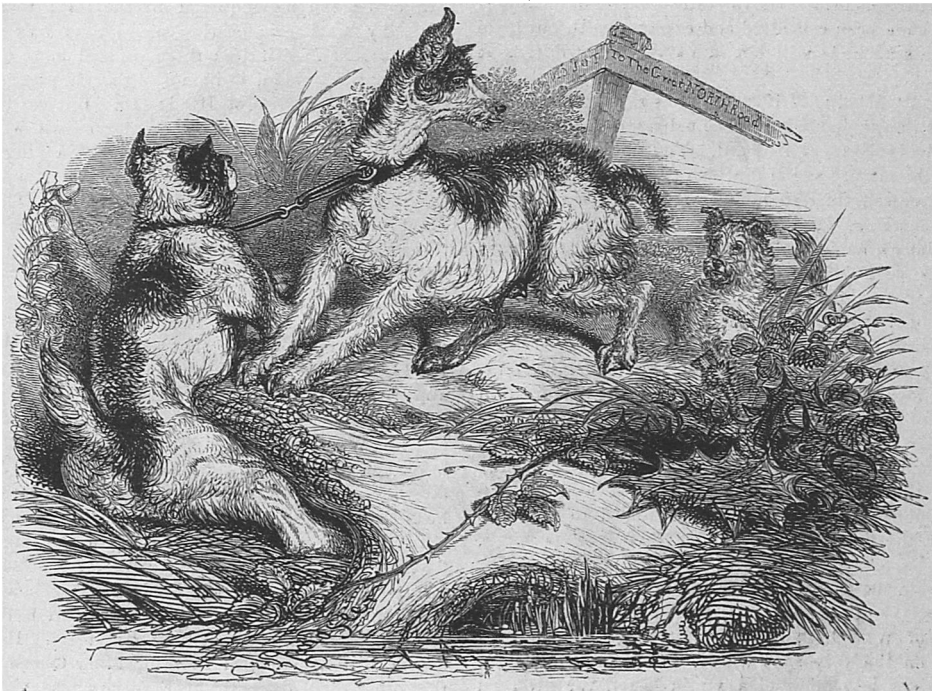
"His locked lettered braw brass collar,
Shows him the gentleman and scholar."

And if he would not be quite so fast, but read *Punch* less, and study useful knowledge more, as dogs are, he would do very well indeed. The dog with the *Times* is like the *Times*, you can't tell what it is. You can't calculate how it will turn on a question; what side it will support; all that you can safely calculate on is the display of a certain amount of intelligence. It is just so with the dog.

The next engraving has reference to

CONTRARY DOGS,

and contrary they are undoubtedly; as contrary as any imaginary husband and wife, referred to in Milton on "Divorce;" or, perhaps, what is more to the point, as any



CONTRARY DOGS.

model dog—a dog of years and discretion—a dog in whom you can confide, with whom you may do business, whose advice you may ask and take—such a dog as would write a good article on the wrongs of animals in the "Quarterly"—such a dog as would have great influence anywhere for his sagacity, strength of brain, extent of information, and moral worth. It is not surprising that he takes no notice of what that flippant greyhound is saying; and yet he puts up with it. At any rate, he exhibits no sign of impatience; your intellectual dogs never do that; they know as well as we mortals that

"The gods approve
The depth but not the tumult of the soul."

As to that conceited poodle on the left, with *Punch*, all he is fit for is to write a farce. He is clever, and thinks himself so; but he has no stamina, sir—no principles—your fast clever man never has. He is popular with the fair; women are easily imposed upon; they cannot resist a showy exterior. Byron was right—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare."

Mr. and Mrs. Caudle in life. That very little terrier looming in the distance shows fight, and this scrappy mongrel cur would only be too happy to accommodate him, if his fat friend was not of a peaceable character, and evidently an admirer of arbitration in preference to physical force. When one is thus tied what can one do, but show one's teeth and growl a bit, and then run away? and this is what our lean and angry cur will have to do. The more he chafes the worse it will be for him! Neither man nor dog can war with circumstance. There he is tied, chained to a fat peace-loving dog—a dog whose bark is more to be feared than his bite—a dog you may insult, spit upon, call fool; kick even where, according to Hudibras, honour is lodged, and take any liberty with him, and yet who will not be avenged. Don't trust him; such a dog would leave you in the lurch; and were you attacked by a highwayman or a footpad, would run off like the poltroon that he is. Nor is the cur much better. He would be quite as likely to bite you as the man that knocks you down. He is sly, treacherous, ill-bred, and has no good points about him. They are a bad lot. The two are not worth one good dog. They are a pair of ill-conditioned, ill-bred rascals, and

will never be any use to themselves or their owners, or the public at large; they are not worth the tax, and probably live by a mean and unprincipled evasion of it. And that little plucky terrier—the evident hero of a hundred fights—knows it, and would give the two a thorough drubbing if they would only give him a chance; and serve them right.

THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET, FOR THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

LIKE human life, history has its mysteries. Who wrote the Eikon Basilike? Who was the man in the Iron Mask? Who was Casper Hauser? are some few of the questions to which Time, the great solver, brings no appropriate reply. The oracles are dumb. No revelation comes to the strained and listening ear. All is dark and obscure. One of these dark passages in English history is the trial of the Earl of Somerset. The actors in the tragedy have long vanished from the scene. The records of English state trials and the archives of the State-Paper Office have been consulted and explored with but little success. The student is still left in a state of bewilderment and suspense.

Ben Jonson's "Masque of Hymen" was represented before King James I., on the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Howard. The noble bridegroom had attained the mature age of fourteen; Lady Frances owned to having witnessed thirteen summer suns. In seven years that ill-fated marriage was dissolved. Those seven years had not left this lady's name without reproach. Whilst matrons and midwives were left to decide whether the Countess of Essex appeared to them to be a pure virgin, grave bishops and doctors of law had to decide whether the lady had shown any cause for a divorce. According to a contemporary writer, Miss Mounson, daughter of Sir Thomas Mounson, with her face thickly veiled, underwent the examination from which the guilt of the countess led her to shrink. The judicial inquiry was directed by James, and terminated as the British Solomon desired. The vows, which as a girl she had made before the perilous gift of beauty had won for the countess a doubtful name, she was permitted to laugh to scorn. From the home and husband of her spotless youth, conscious of her charms, conscious of their success, in her power and pride she went forth free.

On the festival of St. Stephen, in the year 1613, in the royal palace of Whitehall, in the midst of England's nobles and princes, on the very spot where, on the same day eight years before, she had plighted a virgin heart, the divorced countess became the bride of the king's favourite, Somerset. Of this, as of the previous wedding, the king paid the expenses. To this, as to the other, the same dignitary gave the solemn sanction of the church. In her long hair, the appropriate etiquette of that day for virgin brides, the countess appeared at the altar with the man whose love she had long sought to gain. Wilson, the historian, tells us that those who saw her face might charge nature with too much hypocrisy, for harbouring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance. He adds that she had grown to be the beauty of the court, and that every tongue was an orator at her shrine. Donne, who took orders, as he himself says, after the age of forty by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and at the suggestion of king James, wrote on the day of the marriage those lines which Dr. Johnson has published as one of the most striking examples of the concerts of the metaphysical school, of which Donne and Cowley were the head. On the evening of the wedding-day, in the fashion of those times, there was a "gallant masque of lords." The masque, however, this time was not written by "rare old Ben," but by his successful rival, Campion. In honour of the newly-married couple, Bacon prepared "the masque of flowers," which was performed in Gray's Inn, at an expense of £2,000; and the lord mayor and aldermen of London gave a grand banquet at

the Merchant Taylors' Hall. The rich metropolitan companies, whose merchants were even then princes, vied with each other in offering precious gifts to the illustrious pair. The queen gave them silver dishes curiously enamelled. Sir T. Coke, the chief justice, presented a basin and cover of silver gilt; his lady, a pot of gold. Another sycophant gave a gold warming-pan; another, hangings, worth £1,500; another, a sword worth £500, besides its workmanship of enamelled gold, which was worth 100 marks. Another—but why extend the list when what we know of human nature leads us to expect that no gifts would be considered too costly for the favourites of a king? Nor was the church behind in its offerings. The wife of a bishop presented the bride-cake.

Three years passed—three years of gorgeousness and wantonness—of fulness of head and pride of place—of favour on the part of the pedantic king, and of flattery on that of a cringing court—and again the Count and Countess of Somerset were the observed of all observers. Many of the most exciting scenes in English story have occurred in that hall of William Rufus, in which they then held up their hands. There, shortly after, Bacon heard his humiliating doom; there Strafford stood unconquered to the last; there an English king, by his heroic bearing, more than half redeemed the errors of his foolish life; there, in still more eventful times, Burke and Sheridan, in immortal speech, pleaded the ancient rights and dynasties of Hindostan. But no trial that took place there ever collected a greater crowd within its walls than did that in which the favourite of a king stood in peril of his life. During its progress all places of amusement were deserted, and no business was carried on. The people, said Sir Francis Bacon, were "more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own." From contemporary letter-writers we learn that "four or five pieces was an ordinary price for a seat in the hall." One lawyer gave £10 for a seat for himself and family for two days. Fifty pounds were given for a corner that would hardly contain a dozen. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere sat under a cloth of state at the upper end of the hall as high steward. On either side, but a little below, were seated the twenty-one peers who formed his court. With the judges sat the immortal Coke. At the lower end of the hall were the king's council, headed by the attorney-general Bacon, who throughout the trial was all that he is represented in the admirable antithesis of Pope.

In the trial precedence was given to the countess. On the first day she was called upon to answer for her crime. Misfortune arrayed her in a sadder grace. When they saw her, men's hearts melted, as they ever do when beauty and youth appear before them in distress and tears. Hence it is the bosom still heaves with pity for Mary Queen of Scots, and that other royal daughter of France, whose hair became gray in a single night. With "a low voice but wonderful fearful," the countess confessed her guilt. Pale, but calm and collected as woman can be when she is face to face with sorrow, she exchanged the halls in which she had reigned and shone the bright particular star, and which she had lit up with her loveliness, for the gloomy precincts of the Tower. It is said she passionately entreated that she might not be imprisoned in the room in which Sir Thomas Overbury died. In that time her only child was born—that child became the mother of the Russell who was found guilty at a later day of mistaken attachment to English freedom, and who sealed that attachment with his blood. Who after this will ask, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

But the real object had yet to be effected. On the day succeeding the trial of his wife, the Earl of Somerset appeared at the bar. It was observed that his face was pale and his eyes were sunk. We are inclined to think that Somerset was not guilty of the crime of murder; indeed, it is questionable whether Overbury was murdered at all. Attempts were made to poison him, but without success: there is no evidence whatever to show that Somerset was cognisant of these. Had James's affection for Somerset continued unchanged—had George Villiers never appeared at court—in all probability the trial would never have taken place. As it was, the fickle